

# Realization

## CONTENTS

### **The Psychology of Rest**

Rhythms and sub-rhythms of Activity and Repose ; Their Synchronism with Subliminal Spontaneity.

### **In Touch with Cosmic Forces**

The renewal of Universal Rapport with the Infinite, as a Participator in the One.

### **Essentials of The New Thought**

Suggestions regarding Individualism, Freedom and Personal Realization ; Co-operation.

### **Letters and Reflections of a Realizationist**

I-V

### **The Love of Nature a Memory**

It is and ever was a part of you.

### **Be not Beauty-Blind**

On the appreciation of Nature's Contribution to the Higher Life.

### **Means of Meditation**

Posture and Pranayama ; (Raja Yoga V).

### **Etchings**

"Unto the soul of pure delights."

When success seems dis'ant.

### **Miscellany**

BY

JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

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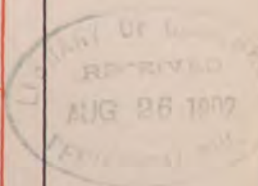
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# Realization

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## The Psychology of Rest

**A**S perfect relaxation is most favorable to recuperation and the establishment of health, and periods of sleep are necessary to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care," so, too, for the production of our best work, for the realization of the highest moments of fruitful activity, minor periods of rest in the very midst of effort are essential.

The same psychical laws underlie all life-phenomena. All are subject to the rhythm of activity and quiescence, and during waking hours there are sub-rhythms in activity by which consciousness rises out of the mediocre and attains the eminent for a short time.

The wise work in unison with law. The arts and applied sciences are the adaptation of effort to discovered law. The same is true with the successful in the mental field, though here the majority are blind offenders. If we would progress and become successful in the true sense we must synchronize with laws that are fundamental, otherwise we fare like two sound- or light-waves which meet; they interfere and are destroyed. We should adjust ourselves to this law of psychical rhythm. It is an attribute of the subliminal self, and the more we cultivate the spontaneity which characterizes these sub-rhythms the closer we attain a union with our deeper powers.

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Note the relationship of this spontaneity to average life. Its suppression produces the mediocre: the old adage about all work and no play is a psychological truth. Unremitting and long labor produces only indifferent results and its victims are singularly devoid of inspiration or originality. It leads to deterioration of the higher man. Upon the other hand short periods of work produce the best results, and the encouragement of the element of spontaneity during such periods produces genius-results.

Professor Alexander Francis Chamberlain, of Clark University, recognizes this truth in his instructive article, "Work and Rest," in *The Popular Science Monthly*. He says:

"Intense activity for comparatively brief periods alternating with longer periods of greater or less quiescence is, whatever incidents of environment, artificialities of civilization, exaggerated sex influences, etc., have at times interfered to disturb it, the normal phenomenon of work in so far as it is best and most genially productive and profitable socially and individually."

He shows this to be true in the activities of both child- and adult-life. Very interesting also is his discernment of the true law of genius-expression, coinciding with the view often expressed in these pages, that it is the flash of subliminal consciousness which for the time fills the field of, and blends with, the normal consciousness. He states it thus:

"True genius seems rather to accomplish its work by brief periods of intense activity than by unceasing labor and untiring diligence, by the *raptus*, not by the *ordo* or the *ratio*. And, apart from the necessities of the ill-regulated social system of to-day, the genius, like the child, is marked by an extreme capacity for almost 'lightning change' from productivity to infertility, from wisdom and wit to ignorance and stupidity, from activity of the intensest sort to equally noteworthy inertness. And therein he really recapitulates the race to which he belongs, for, shorn of certain excrescences acquired in the making, he is the normal

man, not the abnormal, as so many critics of genius, ancient and modern, will have it."

The recognition of these truths by men of science will greatly illuminate their understanding of man.

Now we should remember that we are all incipient geniuses; that the same law which sets them apart from the average, by its fuller manifestation, is also the cause of our best results of expression, though attained less conspicuously: and I have heretofore endeavored to show that by an encouragement of the manifestation we may all become more and more of the genius-man, and thus approach the higher type of unfoldment.

One of the truths learned by the student of occultism is that there are no isolated facts. With this discernment we see a relation between all. So I wish to point out that relation between the capacity for genius and all higher attainment inherent in the nature of the deeper self, and the capacity for health and poise and efficient work as a result of rest. In both classes of phenomena the efficient cause is the subliminal self—in the one case emerging spontaneously and without regard to conditions, in the other manifesting under the offered conditions of quiescence and repose.

With this knowledge the art of resting should become a subject for study and practice. If we would work without deterioration we must not exceed the power of recuperation. If we would produce the highest results with our effort we must adapt it somewhat to the rhythm of subliminal spontaneity and frequently alternate with periods of rest. If we happen to be so enthralled by civilization-conditions that we cannot choose our periods of work, then we must pay special attention to the art of resting during that work.

Rest, in this last sense, includes the opposite of strained exertion. If we drive ourselves the expenditure of vitality will exceed supply, and the manifesting power will be exhausted without the opportunity for recuperation. It need not be idleness, but may range



from poise in healthful endeavor to absolute quiescence. The art of applying it will secure the benefits of subliminal recuperation at all times.

Of course there should be seasons of complete rest other than that of sleep. The observance of Sundays, holidays and vacations has unquestionable psychological warrant. It is, however, the need for this rest above spoken of to which especial attention is called.

There is no vocation which can rightfully usurp the noon hour or half-hour. Most of this should be given up to relaxation. There may be a park near you unappreciated, it may be no more than a scant plot of green in the midst of the city; you may be fortunate in living near the woodland. If so, get out into it and wholly relax. Dismiss, for the time, the duties of the hour, and blend yourself with this process of renewal. If you can find a bench be seated and take a few psychic breaths and hold the thought of the inflow of life. But make no exertion of it; simply invite. If such an opportunity is not available utilize that which you may have, and rest wherever you may be. You may think this is impossible for you: you can't spare the time; or some other fancied obstacle is raised in thought. Perhaps few spend a busier life than the writer, yet he seldom omits this noon relaxation.

The fever of effort, of hurry, of work, of modern life, especially in the United States, keeps the mind absorbed in its material objects and impoverishes it as well as depletes the vital force. Brain-fag becomes a common condition as a result, and sooner or later premature old age and collapse follows. I recently read of a business man, who had become a victim of this condition, who was advised by his physician to sit quiescent for a few moments daily, and to hold a bell in his hand and sleep just long enough to let it fall to the floor and wake him. He did this, becoming fascinated with the dreams he had during those brief periods. The short relaxation and rest completely cured him.



The point I wish to illustrate by this is that even the briefest period of complete relaxation in the midst of work is of vast benefit. It furnishes the essential time for subliminal recuperation; it synchronizes with the rhythm of psychic manifestation and encourages the powers that follow the law of spontaneity. You will find not only recuperation but increased power for work and higher quality of thought.

There are many opportunities during the day when these moments can be thus utilized. By observing the details of one day you will discover many moments when useless exertion in both thought and action is continued. These should be redeemed to this purpose.

This aspect of rest so blends with poise that it is difficult to draw a dividing line. There is a way of doing a thing which employs just the requisite energy and no more, and the sufficient time and is not hurried into less. This is poise in action, as I have heretofore explained. In the sense in which I am now writing, it is also rest in work. Employed in this manner, effort seldom tires one who is not otherwise depleted, many striking examples of the truth of which I could give.

It has been my purpose to merely point out the psychologic law underlying rest and to suggest these commonly disregarded ways in which we may synchronize with it to our great advantage. Try it.

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MANY are seeking to know how the facts of modern psychic research may be related to a well balanced and rational life. It is admitted that supernormal experience is often coincident with pathological conditions and may be induced in abnormal states, and it is generally supposed that they are necessarily concurrent. This is a mistake. The fact has been overlooked that there is no necessary connection between them, and that supernormality is the basis of the normal self, and may by a natural evolution augment its functions.

## In Touch with Cosmic Forces

**I**F we could view the air as we can the water we would see ourselves in a vaster ocean than that which laves the shores of continents, and with gigantic waves which sweep the globe in majestic measure.

From the distant ridge comes the hushed sound of bowing trees as through their leaves and branches the next wind-wave flows. Gently the sounds rise as the onward flow approaches me, differentiating into many sub-tones and rythmic harmonies, and swelling in volume until the forest-oaks under which I lie take up the mighty anthem and raise it to its maximum. Then with gentle receding tones the sounds die away as the crest of the wave sweeps onward across the valley and sets in stately vibration the ridges beyond, leaving an impressive stillness, a solemn hush, a pensive quiet, soon to be broken by the succeeding wave, which even now has touched the distant tree-tops.

What music to the soul! What a song sung by what a multitude! Each tree as it differs in height and breadth and foliage gives forth a different tone, the groups and ridges add deeper chords, blending in a mighty chorus.

If one withdraws the thought from the corroding cares of the day and lets the soul blend with the cadences of the nature-song for half an hour, he will emerge a renewed being. The mighty life-waves seem to sweep the being as do the wind-waves the forest. One gets into vibration with the majestic sound-waves and in consciousness undulates with their measures and more thoroughly realizes the relationship with the cosmic forces which have nurtured him. Back from this renewing experience one comes with a new peace and calmness of soul. Its music sinks deep into the subliminal consciousness and will long after continue to influence the dominant thought and feeling.

What subtle charm is this which awakes in the soul this new-old consciousness; which makes one young again and at the same time allies him with the ages; which transforms him from the human pigmy into the self-sufficient and powerful soul in league with cosmic forces?

Turn back, O Time and evolution, and show me the path over which the pageantry of life has traveled and all the meaning will be as apparent as those of the season's succession. Show me a globe with oceans of liquid fire and molten metal, and swept by fierce cyclones of white-hot gases. The æons pass. Nature's fires burn less brightly, and over the cooled igneous crust some hydrogen and oxygen have assumed a new combination, and warm and turbulent oceans of water flow, while above, the oxygen and nitrogen have mingled to form an atmosphere, but yet too heavily charged with carbonic acid gas to sustain animal life.

Simply and modestly in the ooze of the ocean beds appear the beginnings of life-forms. The protozoans are succeeded in time by mollusks, radiates and articulates, then the fishes and reptiles, the oceans swarming with the myriad forms.

The æons pass. The oscillations of the cooling crust and the diminution of the oceans lift the emerging land above the waves. A new era of vegetable life begins and the excessive charge of the carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere is transformed into luxuriant palm and mammoth reed-forests which cover the land and clarify the air, fitting it for higher types of life.

The æons pass. Gigantic forms of reptilian life sport in the seas and infest the tepid marshes; the wings of giant half-reptile half-birds beat the heavy atmosphere. Transition follows transition. The higher forms appear and mammals overrun the earth.

The ages pass. Man appears, a simple child of nature, burned by hot suns and chilled by succeeding winters, unclothed save by the skins procured by the



chase, untutored except by the unyielding laws of nature, but with marvelous possibilities of unfoldment. It was a life of primitive thought and methods, but closely in touch with nature, warmed by her sun, rocked by caressing winds in bending boughs, fed by her boundless prodigality.

The ages pass. The communal and social states succeed the natural condition, and slowly and tortuously, with labor and suffering, with mistakes and successes, joys and aspirations, and with undaunted courage and unquenchable belief in himself, this blossom of life unfolded, and is still unfolding higher faculties, realizing greater powers, and attaining higher states of consciousness.

And with all these changes, in some manner if not in form, at least in some universal rapport as with the Infinite, have I, this unfolding ego, this participant in the One, been concerned.

Thus has the individual life been nurtured in the turmoil of cosmic forces. With their storms and their placidity its memory is inseparably linked. Every flower evokes a dormant memory; the storm recalls the primordial tumult; the fall of twilight and the serenity of night suggest the countless ones long past, and succeeding suns are an old and familiar tale.

There is nothing new but higher states.

The mystery, then, is solved why one who yields himself to the subtle influences of the woods, of winds and prairies and streams, should thus renew his deep rapport with the great cosmic forces, should draw strength from them, be renewed in their harmony and awaken to their peace, and know himself stronger and grander from that union.

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THE mind becomes that which it contemplates: there is a merger of consciousness with the concept held.

## Essentials of the New Thought

**I**N last number I gave a definition of New Thought which is broad enough to include all forms of searches after truth which are not dependent upon dogma. Personally I would not have selected the name to denote a movement which revives so much from antiquity. In as far as it recognizes world-wisdom, experience-wisdom, it is not new but very old. No doubt to many, as to myself, it was not a revelation, but a popular renaissance of a long-held thought. Nevertheless, as an expression of thought exerting a recognizable influence upon the public, it was new. At any rate, I would cheerfully yield the immaterial point of a name.

In its broadest conception its essentials are individualism, freedom, and personal attainment and realization. Its message is individual and personal. It postulates the divinity of every soul and offers the realization of it in varying degrees by personal effort and virtue. This attainment is secured largely by the removal of race- and individual limitations and the employment of mental and psychic powers for higher ends. It includes not only some higher states of consciousness, but self-mastery, control of conditions, self-healing and conscious unfoldment.

Perhaps there are very few who include all or most of these ends in their purpose. Many take a limited course, so to speak, in progress. There is no fault to be found with them. They choose their field of work and will extend it when able to profit thereby. But the list should be extended rather than curtailed. The knowledge of modern psychic research and the legitimate conclusions to be drawn from its facts are essential to an understanding of ourselves here and hereafter; and a study of the verities of spiritual realization, among whatever people they may have been

experienced, is of the deepest interest and is especially instructive.

In its individualism are to be found the causes for its success and likewise its failures. It presents something to do personally, and requires an individual effort to accomplish it. It does not hold out any promise of something for nothing, but accepts the universal law of cause and effect—of effort and compensation.

It differs here from the old systems. There is no offer of vicarious attainment. Teachers are but to instruct, to point the way; those who would attain must do the work for themselves. They who have thus done their duty in teaching are not to blame for the subsequent failure of the students to work. One can never really begin in the New Thought until he becomes self-reliant and self-sufficient to the extent of ceasing to expect another to attain for him.

Sometimes attainment is marred because of the adherence to unprogressive theories and cults slightly differentiated from the old dogmatic thought and methods. Progress under such conditions must be slower than if limitations were removed.

Again, the requisite freedom is not always exercised. Many free themselves from one fallacy and still cling to others which retard them. Curiously, the effort for freedom often leads to the unprogressive habit of non-discrimination. Wishing to be unprejudiced, some persuade themselves to think that it is necessary to entertain every theory that may be presented, and never form a judgment as to its truth or fallacy. These do not make substantial progress, because nothing becomes determined, and their attention and energies are wasted upon useless ideas.

The personal realization is something that cannot be predetermined for any individual. As the elements which constitute different personalities differ so widely, the same methods or a similar effort will often produce varying results or a result in varying degrees. But the



fundamentals are demonstrable by all, and no one need draw a line regarding the capacity to attain and realize.

As the personal success depends upon this individualism and freedom, their inviolability is essential to the success of the movement as such. Hence the danger in suggested organization if not constructed with great wisdom ; for, as a rule, the individual relinquishes most all to the ordinary organization, and the personal realization ends where its effectiveness begins. Organization is well suited to express the power of concert of action or opinion upon the world, but its tendency is to supplant the individual and paralyze his power except for its maintenance. In its customary form it requires tenets for which to stand before the world, and thus necessitates compromises of individual thought. It requires loyalty to the tenets, and thus creates impassable limitations. In such a form it is powerful in creating a dead-level among its members and making that effective upon the world ; but it is not progress for the members.

But souls must be reciprocal in their purposes, their experiences and attainments. Encouragement is needed, and the experience of one offers instruction to another. How may this be best effected ? It would seem that association and co-operation offer all that is needed, without the disadvantages above noted. Thus each is left free to choose the best from what is offered by others' experience and thought ; he remains untrammelled in his power to unfold, and retains the necessity for individual effort. In turn he is able to offer more to his associates, for he remains fresh with originality, instructive with new advances, and effective by his personal power and the fact of his realization. He does not become a closed revelation, but the truth has in him an active and progressive exponent. The opportunity of summer schools and camps, and the facilities offered by local groups in communities where the in-

terested may meet and make mutual exchanges of thought, will do much in this direction. If this does not meet the need of the many and does not give the movement definite enough status in the world of competing systems, we may have some bond of union broad enough to include all, with a function of expressing a united aspiration and a common purpose, but which shall not discourage personal effort nor curtail individual freedom.

The movement is in its infancy, though it is expressing a mind-condition world-wide and profound—a condition which is the culmination of innumerable past efforts and advances. With the retention of these essentials and the spirit of progress, we may confidently look forward to permanent results in the world of movements as well as in personal realization.

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THE facts of multiplex manifestations of distinct and connected chains of memories beneath the normal consciousness, of the evidences of unconscious telepathic influence, all indicate a mental activity, as well as conscious states, back of and fundamental to the normal consciousness. What the general underlying unity of these may be—their complete summation—is a question with which philosophy will concern itself as soon as the facts are recognized. Whatever may be ultimately determined regarding its nature, it will undoubtedly be found true that there is the most intimate relation between it and all the normal and supernormal phenomena of life; that they could not exist without it—in short, are only so many differentiations of its nature and power. I have suggested that this summation may well be called the Subliminal Self and that it inheres in the Universal which is its source, as well as being the source of the personal self.

## Letters and Reflections of a Realizationist

### I

**T**CLOSED the ancient volumes—records of dim ways that other souls had traveled, little frequented, full of labyrinths and blind alleys, but here and there illuminated by the light left by some soulful Pilgrim.

Where, O Soul, would you search for that which you have ever sought since the dawn of consciousness, yet knew not that you were seeking?

Straight back through the portal that opens outward to the normal self and inward to the profounder self I turn. I enter the mystic state whence all emerge, and touch the confines of Nature and encompass the register of Time. There is but One.

Slow descending with the evening sun, in quiet thought I rest in the night of ether. I emerge from its profound depth to begin the day that never begins, but is. I participate in the Infinity of space—sun-lit or void, yet ever soul-lit.

I am the ages of consciousness that unfold again in retrospect. The age of stone and of iron; the æons of primitive work and epochs of cylopean effort; the years of striving; the days of suffering and of happiness: I am their soul.

Beside the dry wells of ancient wisdom I linger while again they fill. Through the silent cities of dead civilizations I wander over fallen columns and ruined temples and am their spirit that long has fled. I worship at forgotten shrines and lift up the offerings to dust-turned gods—symbols of the One.

I am in the serpent's graceful glide, the tiger's stealthy tread, the circles of the eagle, the dirge of the autumn winds, the joys of spring-flowers.

I am the storm, and as well the forest bent and



swayed by its power—likewise the gloom of its quiet shade.

I rise with the resistless swell of ocean and resound in its breakers' ceaseless boom. I smile in the sunlight of the prairies, and blend in pensive mood with its starlit sky.

In the sacred waters of the Ganges I cleanse the devotee. I echo with the age-long memories of the rock-temples. I am the thought whence sprang the Pyramids, which wrote the Book of the Dead, inspired the Vedas and the Semitic sacred writ.

I am the spirit of progress and learning ; the light of liberty and freedom that is fast releasing man from his own bondage. I am the faith of ancient days and the reason and knowledge of the modern ; the optimism of the world's work ; the day's toil and the inspiration of genius. I am the old-new truths and the new-old facts. I am the modern life of usefulness, of advancement, of attainment. I smile in the frank, honest faces that smile to me, and look back through their eyes into soul-depths.

Is the answer plain, O friend ? All these are but the symbols of that within. I am they only because I am essentially all that they can be or suggest. In the universe of things and experience I but hold a mirror up to self and read in it my own reflection. Its varied forms are symbols that awaken in me the consciousness of what I AM. Wisdom, reverence, inspiration are not for me save in and of me.

Naught that I seek without could exist for me save within !

Take or leave the lesson, O friend.

## II

You have told me the secret of your discomfort. You seek power : power to compel admiration, esteem. You wish approbation, attention, applause. You are ever solicitous about these things, and the result is not

satisfactory to you. Alas, it is the world-old ambition: you would lead the world captive, chained to your chariot wheels.

Two things, O friend, are wrong with your ambition—the manner of your seeking, and motive of the search. There is a power—but it does not come through artifice; only the counterfeit is thus attained with which the foolish enthrall themselves. There is a right motive—but it does not seek worldly recognition first.

You have told me your secret; I tell you another, which is secret only because not discerned. Seek first the kingdom within and all else desirable will be added.

Many seek through arts, patent and occult, to wring from the world its approbation and compel its vassalage, and by so doing they but employ the means that deceive themselves as well as prove ineffectual. If conquest is seemingly made, it is as soon and easier lost. The misguided are seeking power by all mental means by which to impress others, to control others, to make the world a vassal to them, tributary to their desires. Beware! do not follow there: wrecks in time—only spiritual wrecks!

Ask yourself two questions, and be perfectly honest in answering. Are you content with BEING what you would have the world *think* you, even though the world be indifferent? and, do you realize within yourself in an appreciable degree, or do you seek to do so, your own peerage, equality, divinity? When you can truly answer these in the affirmative, two things will come to you; you will cease to make external attention and approbation the criterion of happiness, and all the desirable attention and approbation will be yielded you.

Therefore, change your center of thought and awaken your self-realization. Did you ever think that you may be putting more stress upon what the world thinks of you than upon what you really are? There

is the point: what you *really are*. You yearn for the pleasure of worldly approval, and if it comes you torture yourself with the fear of its withdrawal. You thus make yourself a slave, and to the most fickle master. This is not the way to happiness.

Relinquish this ideal; forget it; don't recall it with longing, but renounce it willingly. Change the center of your desire.

How may you attain this new center of thought and realization? Here are some simple directions that will lead you, if followed.

You are potentially divine. Yes, you have heard this before; but have you thought seriously about it, pondered it, approached a belief in it, or perchance confidently accepted it? Probably not: then take up the thought and exhaust its possibilities for yourself.

As your hesitating and doubtful mind—a mind that has been taught its inefficiency, not its efficiency—yields its belief in this measureless thought, see how the limitations recede, how apprehensions vanish. You stand at the threshold of new possibilities; endless vistas open to the mind in every direction. You have gained the initiation, so to speak. After realizing this truth in an appreciable degree, you can never fully fall back to the old position. You have consciously elected yourself to the Brotherhood: henceforth the Way will always present itself with more or less distinctness.

You concede that you are in truth potentially divine; but the fact that the expression of your life and consciousness is marred by imperfection and incompleteness is still a difficulty in thought. You cannot remove this by halting and discouraging thought: turn away from it and assert your divinity.

How may you do this? Secure to yourself this abiding realization of its truth, then think what it means to you, and not only think it but act it.

Now you begin to build a new life. What has fear, what has self-depreciation, what has halting thought,



what has self-abnegation to do with a divine being? Nothing. Then turn away from these paralyzing thoughts. What has confidence, what has true self-appreciation, what has serenity and poise, what has mastery over every condition, what has kindness, consideration, disinterested love, optimism, approach toward perfection, to do with it? Everything. Then *become* them with all the power of serene and confiding purpose, for themselves alone—not to pose before the world for its applause. Its profound respect will be yielded nevertheless.

Can you imagine one who realizes his divinity, courting anger, vexation, irritation, unkindness, or cringing in the presence of fellow-divinity—in short, a slave to self-imposed conditions? Not if he has any higher conceptions of divinity than the ancients had of the gods.

You now come out of that condition where you are continually measuring-up yourself for no good purpose with others, with fluttering heart, with timid eye and hesitating glance, with depreciatory thought, and you stand in the presence of all with consciousness of your equality in divinity—though perchance not in accomplishment—and your sufficiency and purpose to express it. Not as the vain egotist who aggrandizes his limited, circumscribed, and narrow self, but as he who recognizes no degrees in divinity but only in its expression, and as filled with that serene and unswerving but unostentatious purpose to express it.

Be true to this position in all things. What would a divine being, a Master, do? This is the criterion.

Don't look for the world's praise or vassalage. You have no right to enslave. Besides, if you look for it you revert to the old center of thought. Do not doubt, however, that so much of its esteem and respect as is truly desirable for you will thus be inevitably gained. All the conquests of the old way will not

compare with this. The world is not always conscious of its homage, and sometimes individuals are hostile ; but recognition is given as fully as appreciation permits.

Here is a subtle power that asserts itself and to which all yield respect by a more potent law than that of your purpose and desire. If you seek power, here it is ; but if you seek it for power alone you will not find it.

### III

In spiritual attainment one realizes just what he earns. There is no appropriating, without merit, the desired from some storehouse of plenty. Just as one prepares himself for the manifestation of divinity so will he realize it ; in the degree in which he eliminates from his personality and from his subliminal self the wrong, the limiting, the wasteful, useless and destructive, he will make way for the higher attainment.

But your aspirations are so much greater than your attainment that you regard the result as dissatisfying. Why should they not be greater ? Have you reached the end of attainment ? If aspiration were not greater than attainment you would have ceased to make conscious progress. There may be those who are satisfied with their extent of attainment ; but if not derelicts, they are weary, are resting ; or perchance they are too busy with the struggle for existence, or enamored with some pursuit of things, to give it fuller consideration. But if anyone has adequate cause for complete satisfaction he is in Nirvana ; he has merged his consciousness with the Universal and reached the end of progress.

### IV

The soul is so imbued with the prophecy for the future that distance and time lend enchantment to every subject and pursuit, and expectation too often usurps the place of realization. We defer happiness until to-morrow, not realizing that we may be happy

to-day; we seek the unusual and the marvelous in foreign lands, though there are as great marvels beneath our feet, in our own environment, in the commonplace of life; we seek the learned, the seer, or the master, who speaks from a long way off, overlooking his equal who is often at our very side; and we look for in others the attainments that are possible in ourselves.

Men postpone to a far-removed time and place the realization of what is immediately present. They place heaven far off in the blue, with little suspicion that it must exist, if at all, in the consciousness. And some good people have only recently journeyed to Asia to see "God" in some individual there, when they might have looked into their friends' eyes or into their own souls.

## V

Pensive approaching night!

Purple mists that blend the ridge of dark green trees with blue-gray sky! The rose in yonder clouds; the emerald and sea-green; the lavender and orange!

The afterglow!

The mists rise from the valley to meet the purple from above.

Stillness!

The rising song of ground-insects—nocturnal singers—the people of the night!

Silence!

Across the vale the line of electric lights stretch along the bank. Against the background of indistinguishable trees the car—a veritable chariot of light—glides, and links me with the restless world.

Consciousness spans the past and present, the old and the new, the changing and the changeless.

The shadows fall, the colors fade to gray!

Alone on the brow of the hill and the woods!

Alone, but in rapport with all!

Silence! but all Nature most eloquent!



## The Love of Nature a Memory

**N**ATURE steals your heart away. In her presence the hand of the vanished past touches into forgotten harmony the chords of experience, and the soul drifts into reverie as with the recollection of some sweet song long ago sung. You vaguely know that you have sung the song sometime, somewhere; but when and where? ah, the mystery adds to the charm. It was your song once, yes many times, and you loved it because it was of the soul, for it was the song of Life. Its harmonies have ever remained with you and now form the symphonies of your deeper consciousness. The chords are still vibrating, but with a subdued rhythm attuned to your busy worldly life.

As you again come in rapport with Nature the veil of the past is lifted a little, the old memories stored away in the deeper consciousness flash across the newer mind, the hushed harmonies peal forth in full tones, and in that moment you remember, even though so indistinctly, you remember your past. The vagueness adds to the harmony and delight; the storms of experience are toned down to soft zephyrs, perfume-laden and caressing; the thunder-peals have lost their terror, violence has destroyed itself by its own inharmony, and all that is left is peace, serenity and bliss. Memory is sweet, and soul-memory is enchanting.

Why do you love Nature? I have told the secret. It is and ever was a part of you. You have smiled and have stormed with her changing moods; her silent life has been your life in the distant past, her experience has been yours in the vanished ages; her loves, her efforts, her successes have all been participated in by you at some time.

Life is One. You did not spring a perfect being from the mind of the Divine. You began far down in the scale and you have been ever becoming. Evolu-

tion holds within its meaning all the past and all the future. The path of attainment, as you look backward, winds through all the experiences of the lower life, but not through all its forms. Nature as a whole has been the matrix for your consciousness. This is well, for otherwise you would be unrelated as an individualized ego to many aspects of the Universe.

It was necessary for you to know and to overcome in order to attain. But in your process of attaining you lost the knowledge of the way by which you came; and when you turn to Nature you pause to wonder, then to hear and see, and finally to *remember*. The old sweet song steals into the soul, there is a deeper love, and the mind has a mystic understanding. Gradually the hush of primeval forests comes over the soul; the silent patience of plant-life, the forceful purpose of animal-existence, the star-gemmed skies of other ages come forth in dim review at the awakening suggestion of the present. Again you stand consciously related to what has gone before. You know that you are not and never have been alone in the Universe. Your thought of isolation vanishes as the soul perceives its oneness in being and history with the All. As the thought of isolation departs antagonism and pessimism go with it, while that of unity is attended by love, peace and serenity.

In these moments with Nature you have only turned over the forgotten pages of your past, and lo, you have found that your past is the past of all things else, and is still with you. You have looked upon Nature and remembered; you have again heard the refrain of the old sweet song that all have sung.

But what of him who does not love Nature? He does not remember. He has put to sleep the memory of his divinity by his artificial life and thought. His worldliness and artificiality have isolated him, have set him apart in antagonism to Nature and her subtle relation. His soul has a sense of deprivation; there is

an awful vacuum in his life ; he is unhappy, he misses the joy and meaning of existence. He lives in a false world, the creation of his false thought. He has lost his heritage. Let him sleep till his misery wakes him.

From the knowledge of the oneness with Nature's history it is but an easy step to some realization of the unity with the divine. Nature is but the mirror ; the correlate reality is Spirit. To be one with Nature is to be one with the Universe and with Divinity.

The veil is raised still further ; the beatific sense awakes ; a deeper and more mystic memory possesses the soul. You have looked still deeper and clearer and *remembered*.

---

WHILE we are able to trace the partial identity of the modern objects of meditation and those of the mystics' methods of past centuries, we also find striking dissimilarities. These latter are the inevitable result of modern thought, knowledge and aspiration. While the mystic cared nothing for the body, in fact treated it as an evil, in a sense, the modern realizationist regards it as the most beneficent device for unfoldment. Consequently the latter has an appreciation of and an aspiration for health. He believes that the perfect health of the ego will necessarily result in a healthful body.

This aspiration enters into the methods of the higher life to a considerable extent, and as a promoter of health we discern and utilize the possibilities of meditation which were never realized by the mystic. In our hands it becomes not only a means of acquainting ourselves with the deeper states of consciousness and of the revival of memory, but its modified forms become the efficient means of conserving and holding the psychic forces without which we are, in ordinary states, verging closely upon depletion.



## Be Not Beauty-Blind

**I**NTERLACED between the blades of grass the little ground-spider has woven a sheet of gossamer, so exquisitely fine that under ordinary conditions it eludes the eye of the casual observer, but through the silent hours of night Nature's artistic hand has decked it with a thousand crystal gems of dew, and as the sun shines upon the hillside an opalescent sheet of white shimmers between the blades of green. I stoop down to examine, and straightway I am introduced into a new world. Gathered throughout the silken mesh a thousand globes of clearest water suspend and glisten like the rarest diamonds, and with each change of view or distance the refracted and reflected sun-rays transform each tiny globe into orbs of ruby, sapphire, emerald, opals of the richest shades and hues.

How marvelously beautiful must be this varicolored sun-system to the tiny inhabitant of this little universe. Contemplate the shower of gold, purples, blues, violets, reds and greens which burst upon the vision as the first sun-rays strike the crystal spheres, and what an ever-changing kaleidoscope of shades is presented as each globe slowly diminishes by evaporation in the sun's heat!

But I pause: the tiny inhabitant may not note the ambient spheres as he gazes past them in quest of other detentions. Perhaps he is color-blind, as most persons are beauty-blind in our larger universe of brilliant suns and colors.

And so the thought about the spider points me a moral. We are in a world of endless wonders, in a Universe of marvelous beauties. Each day varies the foliage-coloring, every hour transforms the sky-hues and cloud-shapes. A pageantry of floral life unfolds its many forms and colors, the purple haze of autumn

blends in many shades with the reds of changing leaves and blue horizon; the early frosts, ere yet the sun translates it garnishes each leaf and blade with frosted silver; the first light freeze creates the rarest traceries and forms; a sleet succeeded by a sunny day transforms the expanse of prairie into a magnificent field of crystal, shimmering and iridescent: the forest trees become translucent and sparkle in a thousand shades, and when the moon over all diffuses her mellow light no imagination of fairy land can equal it. The autumn fires on prairie ere yet the snow have come spread each night a circle of aurora around the horizon. Countless forms evolve in cloudland and assume the varied hues. Cliffs, banks, precipices, vales and successions of hills vary the scenes. Above stretch out those silent expanses of sun-systems.

All these, and countless other aspects of Nature, delight the observing eye alone, and through each other avenue of consciousness may the soul be equally delighted.

But how few recognize! They are too busy living in the thoughts that merely conduce to survival and the pursuit of conventional ends. They do not take time to know these experiences nor appreciate their beauty and value as contributions to the higher life. They are beauty-blind.

---

THOUGH conscious of that inner power which urges the ego onward to attain and be free, men ever listen to the siren song of materiality and the whisperings of false philosophy that there is no higher state than personal satisfaction and no greater attainment than drifting with the tide of time and events. So we find ourselves first among those who strive to become like the wise and enlightened, and again among those who are satisfied to remain the slaves of imperfect conditions.

## Means of Meditation

### Posture and Pranayama

(Raja Yoga V)

**I**N the practical application of the means of meditation in Disciplinary Yoga the first step, after observing the restraints and obligations described in the last paper, is to assume a suitable posture in order that the remaining steps may be successfully taken.

Hatha Yoga employs thirty-two different postures for the attainment of health and psychic powers, but Raja Yoga, which deals only with the training of the mind and the attainment of supernormal states of consciousness, employs only a possible three of these. Of these, the one of special use is the *swastika*. As near an approach to this as can usually be made with comfort is by sitting upon the floor or a cushion in Oriental fashion, with the legs folded inward and the feet resting under the opposite knees respectively, and hands, palms downward, on the knees. It is not necessary to describe the more difficult positions.

Very few who are not accustomed to this method of sitting can assume at once this posture with entire comfort. A little practice, however, will overcome the difficulties. It has decided advantages for all purposes of meditation, and is the only one to be used in the *pranayama* breathing. It furnishes the best support for the trunk of the body, and which is left free from contact with any object. Satisfactory results cannot be obtained in the position assumed by many—that of lying down or sitting with the back against the chair. The closing in of the limbs also assists in conserving the psychic energy when dissociated from its usual channels in *pranayama* or concentration.

The student being thus prepared, he may take the next step.



## Pranayama

In the article entitled "Pranayama" in Vol. I, pages 149 to 158, I have treated this subject fully, with extracts from the directions given in the Hindu treatises, and recommend that it be reread in this connection.

According to the Hindu thought, all substances are but the transformations of *akasa*, and all energy the manifestation of *prana*. *Prana* acts upon *akasa* and produces all forms; while all life-energy is but *prana*. Throughout the universe there is this infinite sea of energy—*prana*. Every form of life has this storehouse behind it, and is an open door into this vast reservoir of power and energy.

Therefore, in the human, the source of his life, the life-energy itself by which he exists, is *prana*. It builds, it moulds, it conditions his body, and finds expression also in his thought. The act of breathing, as well as every other function of the body, is said to be the manifestation of *prana*, hence the method of its control as advocated.

These philosophers say that there are in the body seventy-two thousand *nadi*, being fine channels throughout every portion, by which the *prana* circulates; and that there are a number of *padmas*, "lotuses," or psychic centers, in which this energy is stored, and from which it vivifies the whole being. By this system of *nadi* is, no doubt, meant the nervous system, and by the "lotuses" the several plexuses or great nerve-centers are meant. Besides this, there are said to be two principal channels in the spinal column, one on the right and the other on the left side, through which *prana* courses, and a third, and occult one, in the center, through which the stored-up *prana* in the sacral plexus ascends to the brain when liberated by the *pranayama* practice.

*Pranayama* means the restraint or control of *prana*, and the purpose is to bring the latter, which is resident

in the body, under the control of the mind. When this is attained there is a union of the two, and not only supernormal consciousness follows, but the conscious mind, being able to control and direct the universal life-energy, can produce profound effects in the body, and also in other life-forms. I have mentioned this power in other connections, as from my own point of view and experience, and explained means of acquiring it.

The method of the *pranayama* employs a system of breathing and breath-control. Hence the erroneous idea that breath is the cause of the phenomena. Breathing, with the accompanying muscular action and the concentration upon nervous plexuses, is but the means of uniting the mind with the manifestation of *prana*. This union is the secret of all conscious occult power in this field. When effected and exercised by the trained and balanced mind, it is capable of great good; when exercised by the undisciplined mind, swayed by emotions and desires, it leads to disastrous results upon the user. This is the reason why it is detrimental to assume the conscious control of these subliminal forces until the mind has been fitted by self-control and righteous thought. Further, there is sometimes a union unconsciously effected to some extent, as in highly sensitive and nervous people, and unless they learn the higher ways of thought they soon deplete themselves.

A simple statement of the method is as follows. Having assumed the posture above described, the student slowly inhales, mentally conducting the *prana* as if entering the left nostril, and thence down the left side of the spinal column. This may occupy four seconds, and with beginners should not be longer. After inhalation and while retaining the breath, the muscles of the abdomen are contracted, thus drawing in the navel as far as possible. Upon relaxing these the retention of the breath follows sixteen seconds during which the thought (and *prana*) is held at the

base of the spine—the sacral plexus. The breath is then slowly exhaled, occupying eight seconds, during which the thought (and *prana*) is carried up the right side of the column. This is repeated, beginning with inhalation as if through the right, and terminating with exhalation as through the left nostril. Alternating thus, the practice may be continued with moderation. After some practice the psychic energy (*prana*) rises from the plexuses and diffuses the whole being and illuminates the mind.

Now, from the point of view of these writings, what actually occurs is probably this: The function of the normal mind enters the field of subliminal and quasi-subliminal function, and effecting a union with the vital or psychic energy resident in the nervous system, marshals it under its conscious control and influences its distribution and localization, and ultimately quite frees it from its accustomed associations, whereupon it rises and wonderfully adds to the mental and psychic consciousness. You will note that the direction of thought in the breathing traverses the whole sympathetic nervous system and some of the largest plexuses, while the muscular contractions localize vitality in these plexuses. It becomes a direct process of gathering up this power under the mind-control.

As to the full particulars, the benefits and dangers, the psychical character and significance, and the conditions and extent of practice that may be desirable, the above mentioned article should be carefully read and studied.

---

THE mind is always mastering, but its mastery is incomplete. It has dealt principally with the field of relation with the outer world, thus releasing itself from the primal condition of servitude to nature and leaving itself free to make conquests in the realm of thought and higher experience.



## Etchings

"Unto the soul of pure delights"

**J**OHAN BURROUGHS wrote beautiful verses entitled "Waiting", with which you are familiar, which, cast into the convenient prose-form, I set forth in full to adorn as well as introduce my appreciative comments.

"Serene I fold my hands and wait, nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea; I rave no more, 'gainst time and fate, for lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays; for what avails this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways, for what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day, the friends I seek are seeking me; no wind can drive my bark astray, nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; my heart shall reap where it has sown, and garner up its fruit of tears.

"The waters know their own, and draw the brook that springs in yonder heights: so flows the good with equal law unto the soul of pure delights.

"The stars come nightly to the sky, the tidal wave unto the sea; nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, can keep my own away from me."

There is the genius of work and there is the genius of waiting. There is the strength of purpose, of endeavor, and there is the sublime confidence in compensation. A concept may include them both, or it may hold but one, displaying it in all the strength of its individuality.

The latter is what this, like all great poems, does. It is dominated by a central thought to which all others are subordinated. The others may not be inferior, but for the moment they are irrelevant. When the prophet or spiritual sage speaks, his utterance presents a truth in strong relief. He does not distract attention by qualifications or weaken the power of the utterance by

conditions. Truths to be strongly appreciated often must be segregated and set in the strong light of attention. There is a faculty of the human mind which yields adhesion to principles rather than to analysis which discovers them and synthesis which uses them. This faculty is akin to the subliminal wisdom which, genius-like, arrives at and contemplates truth *per saltum*, without the intermediary of ratiocination. Fortunate is he who can use this faculty, who can discern a great truth intended in a statement and not obscure it with the importation of collaterals.

The truth in this poem is, that unto the soul of pure delights the good flows by as inevitable law as that which brings the stars to the sky, the tide to the sea; and that one will realize that which is his own by the law that the heart will reap where it has sown.

It is not the philosophy of supineness, as some have supposed, but of confidence, of faith. It relinquishes the eager pace that kills, and ceases to fret and hurry and to berate time and fate which are not responsible. It is optimism tempered to personal merit.

But this does not satisfy the critics. They find no joy in contemplating a truth presented in bold relief. They want to spoil Mr. Burrough's conception by adding parenthetical phrases and explanatory clauses to tell when and how our own will or will not come to us, and to argue about what is "our own."

The relatives of a truth cannot all be included in the simple statement of the truth. Books and treatises are written for that purpose, and we all know how inadequate even they are.

Then, individuals differ in their interpretation, dependent upon the bent of their ambition. One thinks this is not a good recipe for attainment by the strenuous life, and another thinks it the worst kind of a plan to make money by, while still another fears it will encourage idleness. Some will believe that not only their own does not come, but what comes is in no sense

theirs. They are generally looking, too, for their own to be expressed in material terms and conditions.

It may be that we do not recognize our own, as such, when it comes. We are slow to realize that we reap what we sow. The question as to how far we contribute to or are in anywise responsible for the acts of others, it is not the purpose to discuss here. The truth sufficient in this poem is, that in our own consciousness we realize exactly what we create. "Our own" is thus our own creation and the inevitable reciprocations of the good with this creation. He who takes this poem in this sense will find it a beautiful statement of a great truth.

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#### When success seems distant

When success seems most laggard then be especially constant in your purpose to win. When the sky is the darkest be equally confident of the light to come. When the results of effort appear most uncertain, redouble your endeavor. Let not the frost of disappointment chill your hope, nor the blight of seeming failure affect your purpose to succeed. Let your object be worthy of your enlistment and then go sublimely on to attainment.

I have watched the ant toil with its burden, bearing it homeward. Many obstacles bar its passage, but it does not abandon its purpose. Again and again it falls with its burden, but as often does it return to the spot, and finally is over. Persistence !

I have seen the instinct-wise insect crawl up a weed and attempt to cross my shoe. A slight movement apprises it of my presence and instantly it stands motionless, like a stem on the weed. It pauses and waits for the possible enemy to pass. After minutes of perfect inactivity it goes on its way. Patience !



A certain capital of Asia has stood an impregnable natural fortress for centuries : besides, the "balance of power" will not permit its disturbance. Closer and closer draws the nation which hopes to control, and says, "We can wait : what are a few centuries to us ; all the future is ours. "

Apply as much wisdom to your daily life, and illuminate it with the divine optimism of your thought. Be your own master under conditions which would otherwise master you. When the world of matter and events yields least to your hope and effort, then be the brightest and most confident and purposeful. Keep the song in your heart and the will in your mind, and do not flag in your effort, for in truth your endeavor itself is a sufficient reward ; and as to the rest, just note how the succeeding days will turn seeming failure into success. Then keep right on with the smile and the song and the work, and let them all be genuine, and you must win.

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